TV COMIC

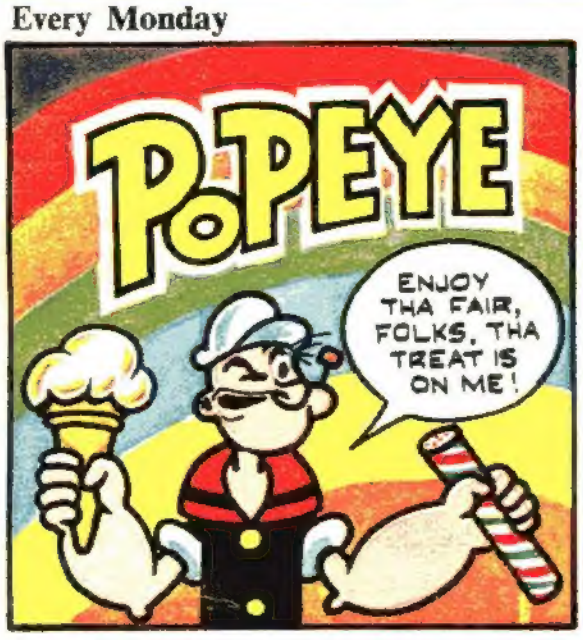
FUN AND FROLICS WITH FOO FOO

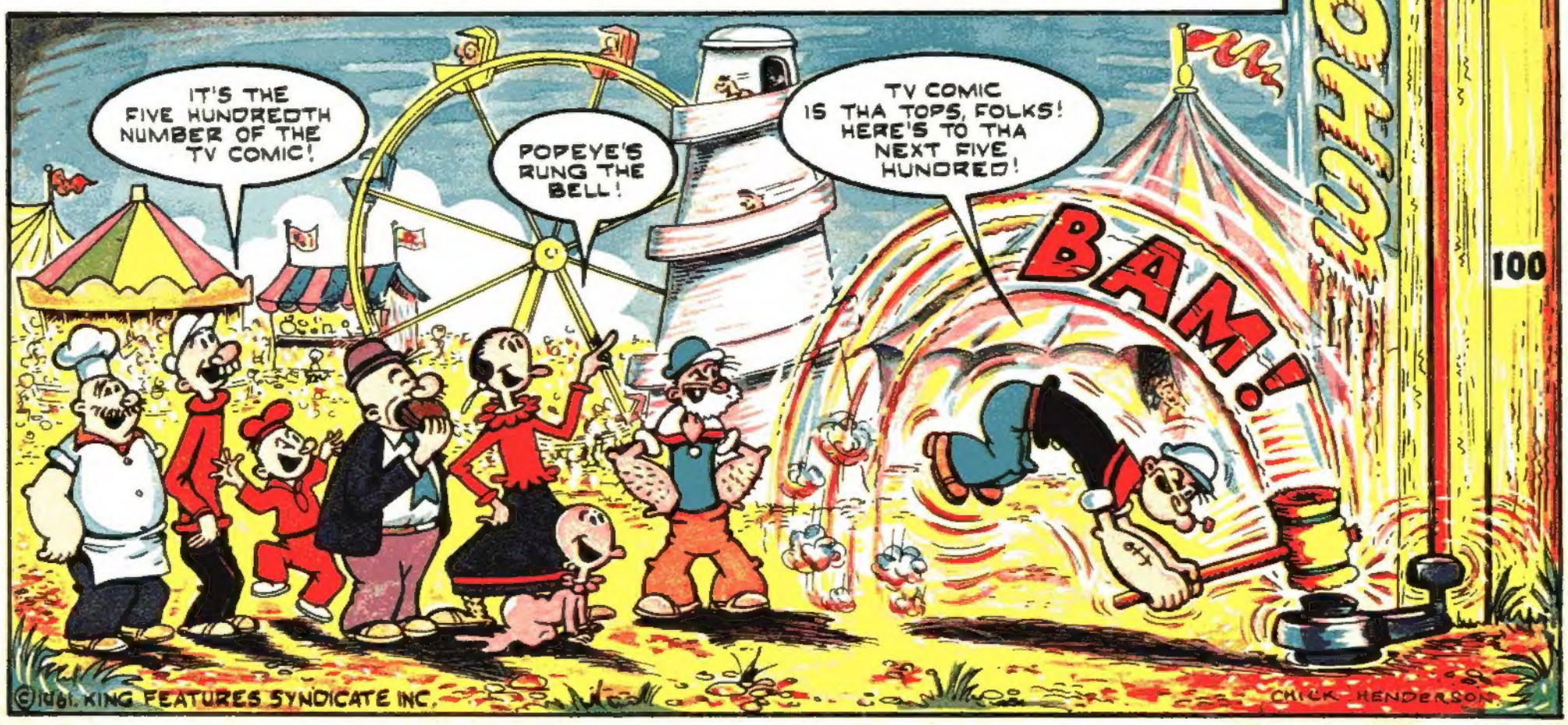
4½D

COMPANION TO TV LAND AND TV EXPRESS

Every Monday

Week Ending 15th July, 1961




IT'S THE FIVE HUNDREDTH NUMBER OF THE TV COMIC!
POPEYE'S RUNG THE BELL!
TV COMIC IS THA TOPS, FOLKS! HERE'S TO THA NEXT FIVE HUNDRED!
BAM!
©1961. KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC.
CHICK HENDERSON

Adapted from Granada's Television series "Four Feather Falls."

LISTEN, ROCKY!

HELP, BOSS!

SO THAT HE WOULD FIND HIS WAY BACK IN THE DARKNESS... TEX HITCHED ONE END OF HIS LARIAT TO ROCKY'S SADDLE AND THE OTHER HE HELD AS HE WALKED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE.

STAY THERE, ROCKY, AND DON'T MOVE!

WHERE ARE YOU DUSTY?

I'M DOWN HERE, BOSS~ CAREFUL!

BUT DUSTY'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE.

I THINK I'VE TWISTED MY ANKLE!

GEE~ AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOSS! I WENT RATTIN' AN' SLIPPED LIKE YOU DID!

I'LL TIE THE ROPE ROUND MY WRIST AND SEE IF I CAN CLIMB OUT OF THIS PIT!

NO... I CAN'T MOVE... NOW WE *ARE* IN TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE...

HEY, LOOK, FERNANDO ~ ZE SHERIFF'S 'ORSE IN ZE CAVE ~ I BET ZE SHERIFF IS LOOKING FOR SOME POOR BANDIT'S LOOT IN THERE!

WE WILL PULL ZE ROPE AND SEE WHAT IS ON ZE OTHER END OF EET!

PEDRO AND FERNANDO! THANKS, BOYS, FOR RESCUING ME AND DUSTY~ YOU AIN'T REALLY SO BAD AT HEART I GUESS!

WE 'AVE MADE ZE BEEG MISTAKE, PEDRO ~ WE 'AVE RESCUED ZE SHERIFF!

NEVILLE MAIN

Another complete Four Feather Falls story next week!

Hanna-Barbera's YOGI BEAR

JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE POLICE AFTER ROBBING A BANK!

OH BOY, IT'S A GANGSTER'S DREAM. TWIN BEDS AND A GOOD HIDE OUT!

LATER.

NOT A VERY GOOD DAY FOR VISITORS, BOO BOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOGI. WE DIDN'T SEE ANY!

WELL, WHAT'S THIS? TWO GUYS HAVE TAKEN OVER OUR BEDS!

ZZZZZ

HEY, HUMAN! THESE ARE STRICTLY BEAR-TYPE BEDS! KINDLY GET UP AND GO!

BEAT IT, LOUD MOUTH. I'M TRYING TO SLEEP!

SPLAT!

WHAT AN UNCOUTH, FELLOW!

I SHALL SHOW HIM THAT YOGI IS NO MEAN OPPONENT!

WHAM!

ZOOM!

CRUNCH!

WE'D BETTER GO! THAT BEAR WILL ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION!

LATER.

THANKS, YOGI! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM ALL DAY. YOU REALLY CAN USE YOUR HEAD SOMETIMES.

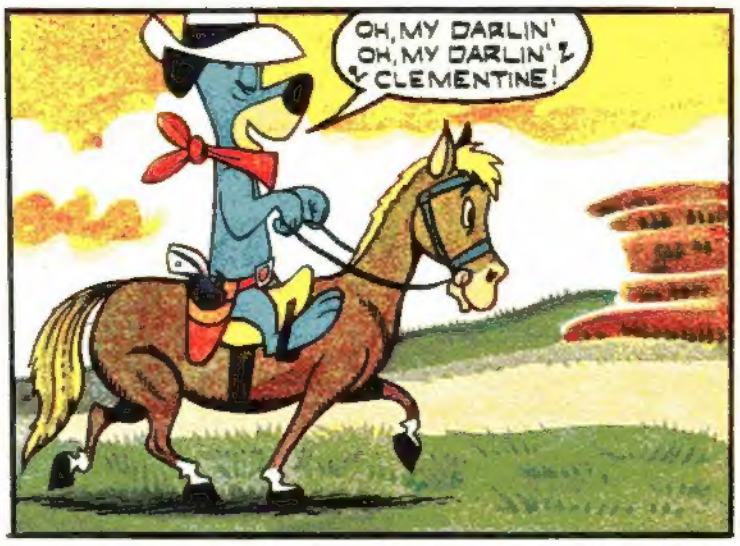
THAT'S A REAL STRONG ANIMAL!

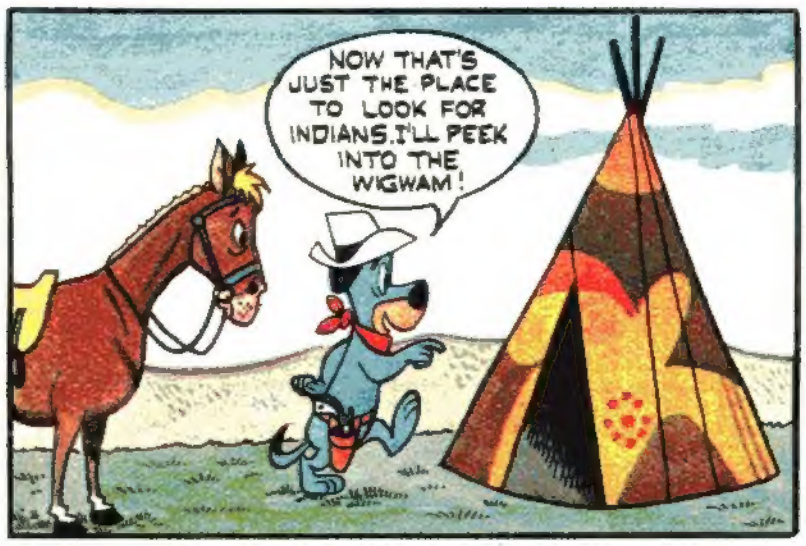
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SIR!

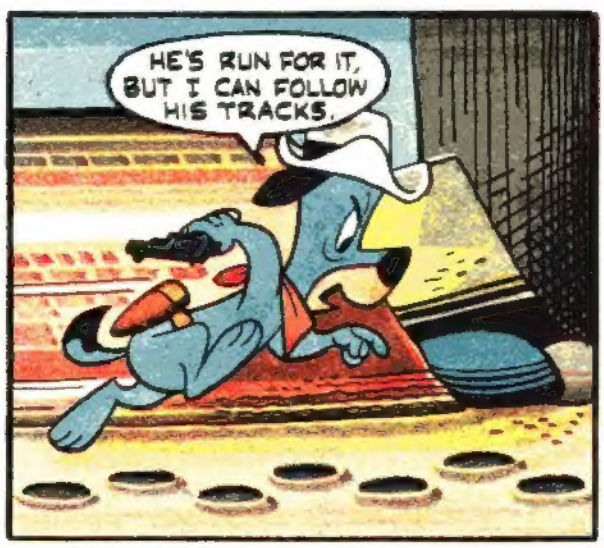
Trade Mark No. 807312 registered in Great Britain by Screen Gems, Inc. TV Publications Ltd., Authorized Users

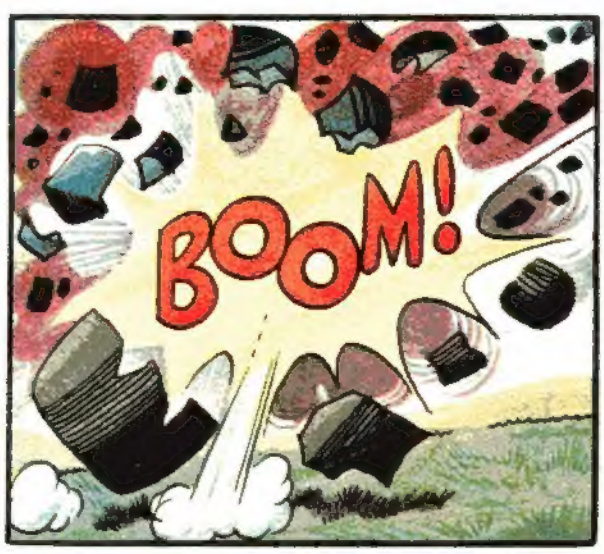
Hanna-Barbera's Huckleberry Hound

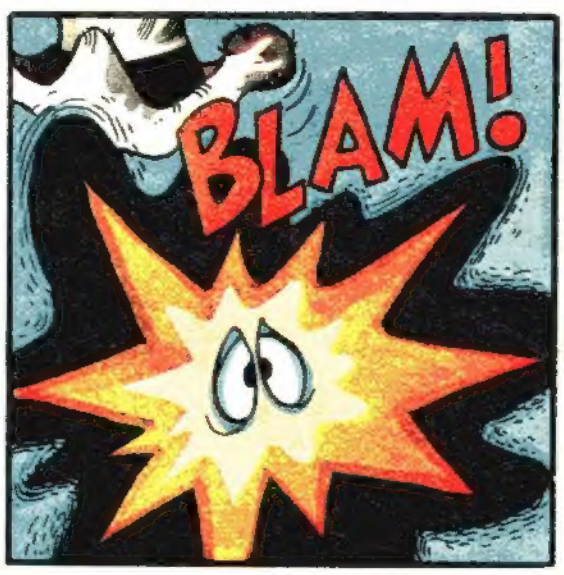
Trade Mark No. 807312 registered in Great Britain by Screen Gems, Inc.
TV Publications Ltd., Authorized Users.





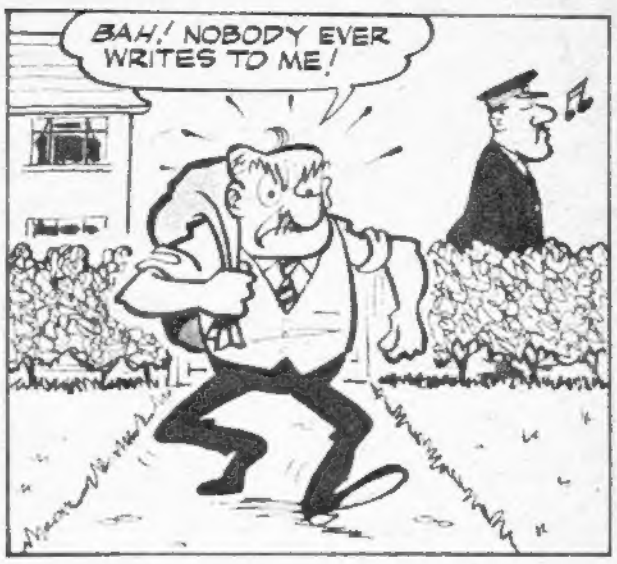


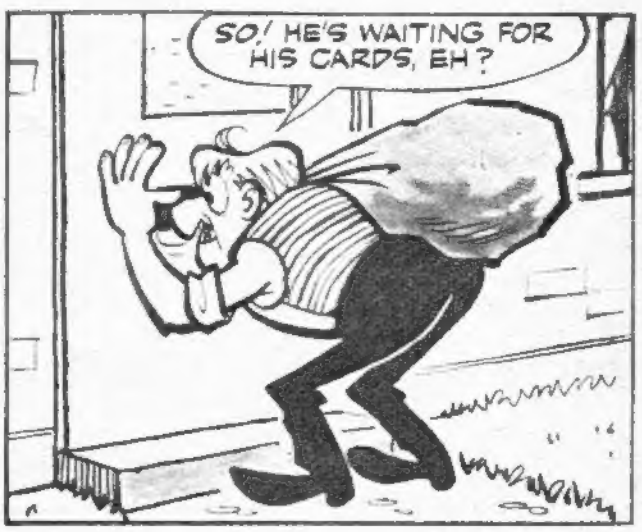


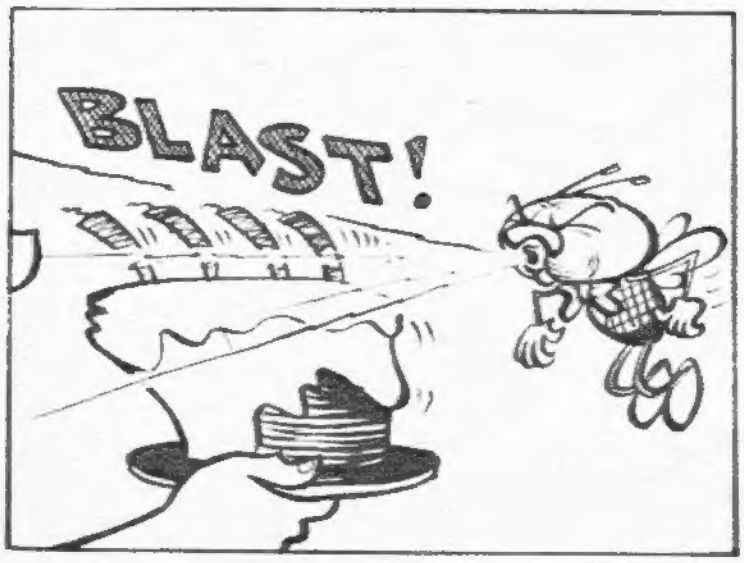


Huck is in another rib-tickling story next week!

MIGHTY MOTH







Another uproarious Mighty Moth story in next week's TV COMIC!

The LONE RANGER

THE Lone Ranger and Tonto rescue a herd of stolen cattle from a gang of crooks. The gang catches up and the masked man and his Indian companion are in trouble. Then the Lone Ranger stampedes the herd straight at the outlaws.

MINUTES LATER THE OUTLAWS WERE DRENCHED AND DISMAL.

FORCING THE OUTLAWS TO HELP, THE CATTLE WERE SOON ROUNDED UP...

AFTER A HARD RIDE, THEY REACHED THE RANCH OF FRANK MASON, HOME OF THE STOLEN CATTLE...

BUT AS THEY APPROACHED THE TOWN...

MORE NEXT WEEK.

SUPERCAR

It flies through the air at fantastic speeds!

Nothing can beat it over road or country!

On or under the sea, it is supreme!

DR. BEAKER'S father is reported missing after setting out to explore the higher reaches of the River Amazon. The Supercar team decide to investigate and they come upon a deserted native village. Suddenly Professor Popkiss walks into trouble . . .

HELP! MIKE... DR. BEAKER... HELP ME!

PROFESSOR POPKISS'S YELLS REACHED MIKE MERCURY.

SOUNDS LIKE PROF'S IN TROUBLE!

HANG ON, PROF... WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A SECOND!

AT LAST THE DEADLY PLANT YIELDED UP ITS INTENDED VICTIM...

THANK YOU... THAT WAS CLOSE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! AND THIS DESERTED VILLAGE IS AN ODD THING!

THESE NATIVES WERE FRIGHTENED AWAY BY SOMETHING. THEY'VE BEEN GONE ABOUT TWO DAYS, I RECKON!

BUT... AH... WHAT COULD THEY HAVE SEEN? WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED SUCH FEAR?

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd., and Associated Television Ltd., series "Supercar."

MIKE COULD NOT ANSWER DR. BEAKER'S QUESTION.

LET'S GO ON, DOWN RIVER. THERE'S A GREAT MYSTERY HERE!

SUPERCAR TOOK OFF AND FLEW ON OVER THE MIGHTY AMAZON. THEY PASSED MANY DESERTED VILLAGES ON THE WAY. THEN...

LOOK, MIKE! THERE'S A TENT DOWN THERE NEAR THE BANK!

THAT COULD BE YOUR FATHER'S CAMP, DR. BEAKER!

MIKE LANDED SUPERCAR NEAR THE SPOT...

THIS... AH... IS MY FATHER'S CAMP, PILOT. BUT I FEAR IT HAS BEEN MOST SEVERELY RIFLED!

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL THERE, DR. BEAKER! RECKON THE EXPEDITION HAD NO WARNING AT ALL!

SUDDENLY, MITCH THE MONKEY BEGAN TO DANCE AND SCREAM.

EEK! EEK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MITCH? WHY ALL THE FUSS?

MIKE! COME QUICKLY!

I GUESS WE'VE FOUND THE REASON FOR THE DESERTED VILLAGES AND PROFESSOR BEAKER'S WRECKED CAMP!

T. WATTS

Don't miss next week's action-packed Supercar instalment!

ON THE TRAIL with Grahame Dangerfield

The famous television naturalist tells of his adventures on a wonderful island off the coast of Wales.

Wonderful Sight

WE had just reached our house, at the bottom of a mountain, when my friend called out to me. I spun round and looked where my friend was pointing. There, zooming over the top of the mountain at tremendous speed, was a magnificent Peregrine Falcon.

Some way behind, a pair of Ravens were flying along angrily making their peculiar call as they turned and twisted in the air. The Peregrine was soon clear of the island, and disappeared out of sight towards the mainland. Then the two Ravens seemed less worried, and turned back and flew over the mountain.

"We don't often see Peregrines here," my friend said, "but they can fly at terrific speeds. The Ravens have a nest on the cliff, but it's very annoying as you can't climb up to it, and you can't see into it from above, as the nest is under an outcrop of rock."

This had been a wonderful sight for me, as I can count on one hand the number of times I have seen Peregrine Falcons.

Tragedy

THE next two days I toured the island thoroughly to see most of the nests. There was a large colony of Herring Gulls, and their nests were at the bottom of the cliff quite near the water. They were easy to reach. There were also one or two pairs of Black-backed Gulls, both the Lesser and Greater. Meadow Pipits had nests in grass tussocks on the side of rocks, but perhaps the nest I most enjoyed seeing was the Sparrow Hawk's.

This was no higher than five feet from the ground, and I could see into it quite clearly. Sparrow Hawks nest much higher than this where I live, but on this island the only trees of any kind were a small patch of willows. The nest was in these.

Tragedy strikes the hawks every year when the Carrion Crows raid the nest and eat the eggs. This is a great pity, and the nest had already been raided this year so there were no young hawks for me to see.

I have looked in many places at home as well for the young Sparrow Hawks, but I have not found a single nest that is in use.

My last day on the island came along, and very reluctantly I had to pack up my things and get ready to go on the island boat. This was a sad day for me as I could have stayed there for ever. I walked down to the boat with my friend, and on the way along some rocks high above the sea I found an Oystercatcher's nest. There were many all over the island, and like most waders their eggs were perfectly camouflaged. We finally reached the boat, and shaking hands with my friend, I got in and off we went.

Three seals follow the boat.

The Oystercatcher's nest and eggs.

Back Home

AS the boat pulled farther away from the island I looked back, and saw to my surprise that we were being followed by three seals. They just follow the boats for fun, and every now and then their heads would disappear and then bob up again. If they surfaced very near the boat they would disappear at once and then come up somewhere else. They only stayed with us round one end of the island, and then they vanished altogether.

We headed straight towards the mainland. As we did so the island looked smaller and smaller behind us, and I sat in the boat feeling very, very sad. I feared it would be at least another year before I came back here again.

We reached the shore on the mainland, and I said goodbye to the fisherman. I then walked over to my car, and drove off for home.

When I finally reached home I heard the phone ringing.

"Back to the grindstone!" I said to Simba, my dog, as he jumped out of the car.

I ran inside and answered the phone. Someone had found a baby owl and wanted me to look after it. So no sooner had I got home than I had to go out again. I drove about seven miles to this person's address, and found that the owl was in fact a young Little Owl.

Safe and Warm

THIS was fairly late in the year for young Little Owls, so it proved to be a worthwhile journey as it provided me with an interesting record. I was, of course, only too happy to look after it anyway as the tree where its nest had been was felled the day before. Its eyes were not quite open, so it was going to need a lot of feeding.

The young Little Owl the author collected.

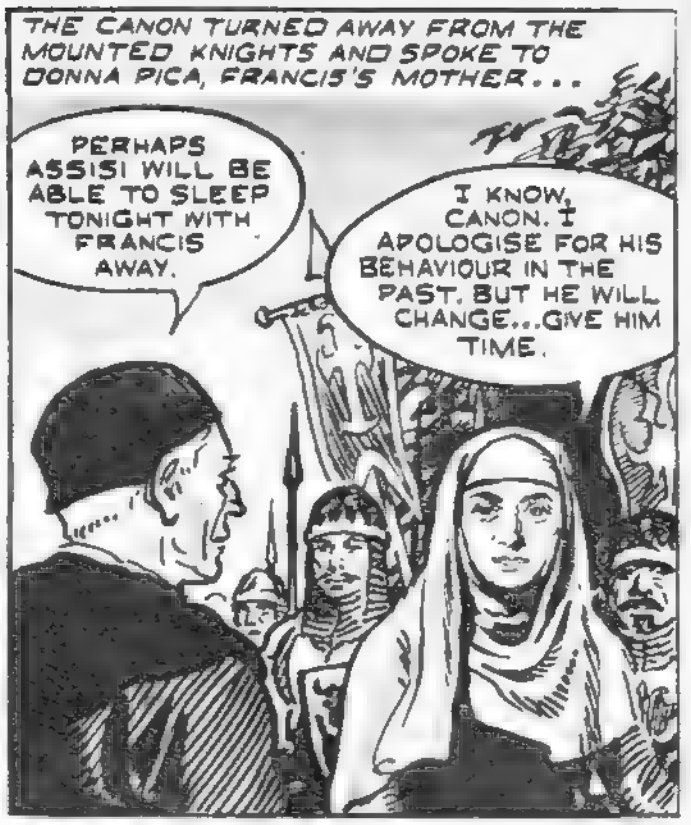
I drove back home again, and after putting the owl in a safe and warm place I phoned up Ann and John. I told them that the next morning I would be all ready to look round the various nests and things that we knew of, so they eagerly agreed to meet me then.

As I put the phone down I wondered what surprises we might be in for.

What's in store for Grahame? Don't miss next week's exciting adventure.

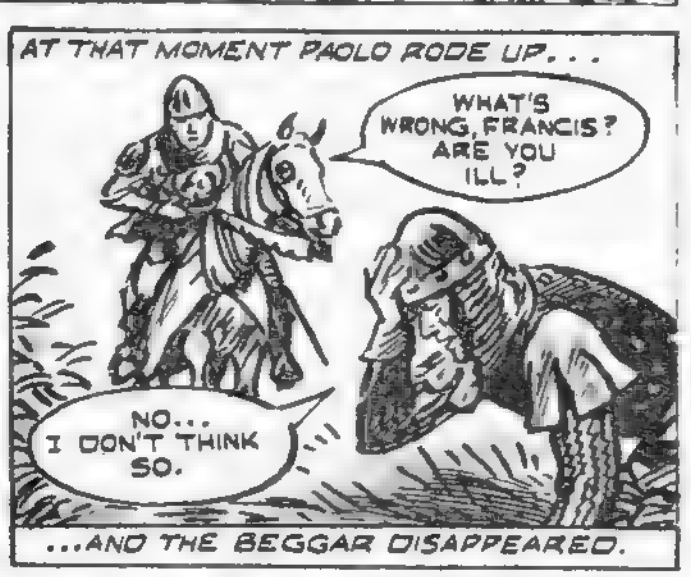
FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FRANCIS BERNARDONE and Paolo joined the army of King Frederick of Italy. The vast company of knights and soldiers from Assisi awaited Canon Cattaneai's blessing.


THE CANON TURNED AWAY FROM THE MOUNTED KNIGHTS AND SPOKE TO DONNA PICA, FRANCIS'S MOTHER...
PERHAPS ASSISI WILL BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT WITH FRANCIS AWAY.
I KNOW, CANON. I APOLOGISE FOR HIS BEHAVIOUR IN THE PAST. BUT HE WILL CHANGE...GIVE HIM TIME.

THE HOURS DRAGGED BY AND THE MILES PASSED BENEATH THE HOOVES OF FRANCIS'S HORSE. THE SUN BEAT DOWN ON HIM AND HE SWAYED GIDDILY IN THE SADDLE.
THAT'S STRANGE, PAOLO...I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING THEN...A VOICE...
I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. YOU IMAGINED IT, FRANCIS.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER DRANK LONG AND DEEP. THEN HE HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE...
PEACE BE UNTO YOU, FRANCIS BERNARDONE. WHERE DO YOU GO?
TO BATTLE...TO SERVE!

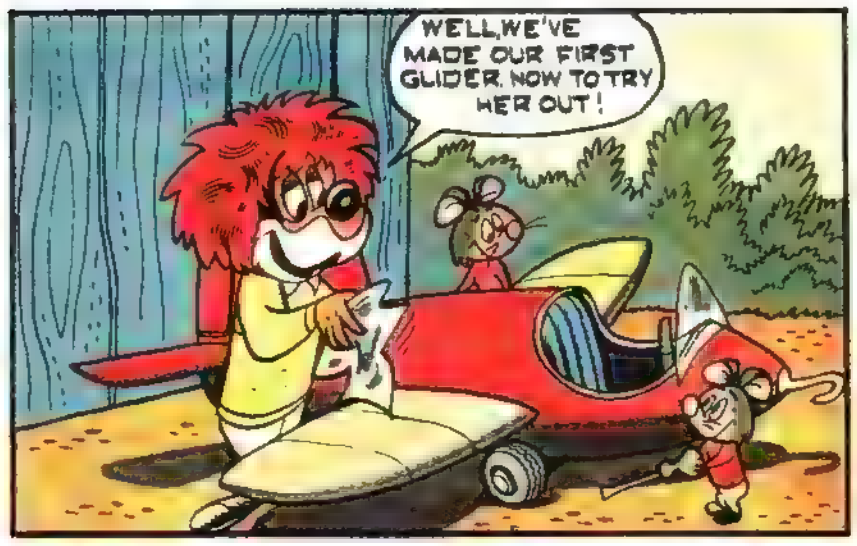


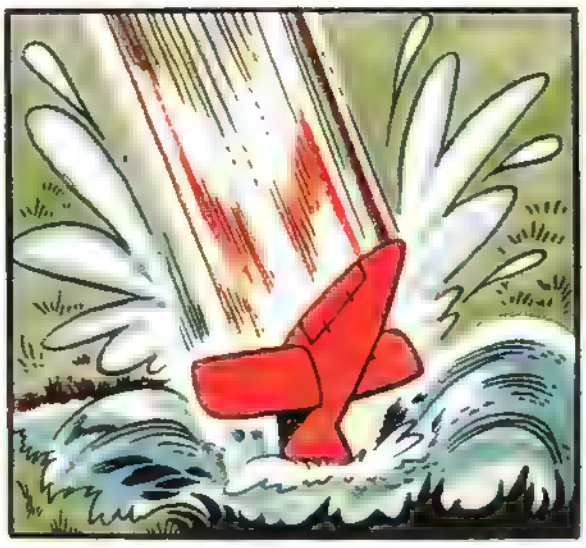
IT WAS THE NEXT DAY THAT FRANCIS BEGAN TO FEEL UNEASY. HE WANTED SOME ACTION TO TAKE HIS MIND OFF THE STRANGE BEGGAR.
IT'S A LONG WAY TO SICILY, LONGER THAN I THOUGHT.
DON'T BE SO EAGER, FRANCIS. ENEMY TROOPS ARE MOVING DOWN TO SICILY TOO... AND WE MAY WELL MEET THEM ALONG THE WAY!

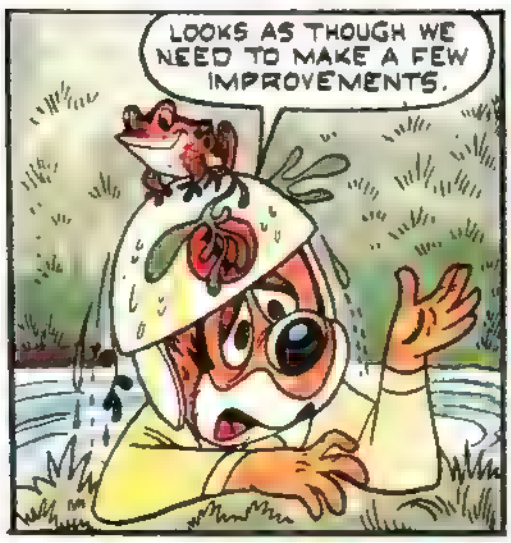
Adapted from the Twentieth-Century Fox CinemaScope film "Francis of Assisi."

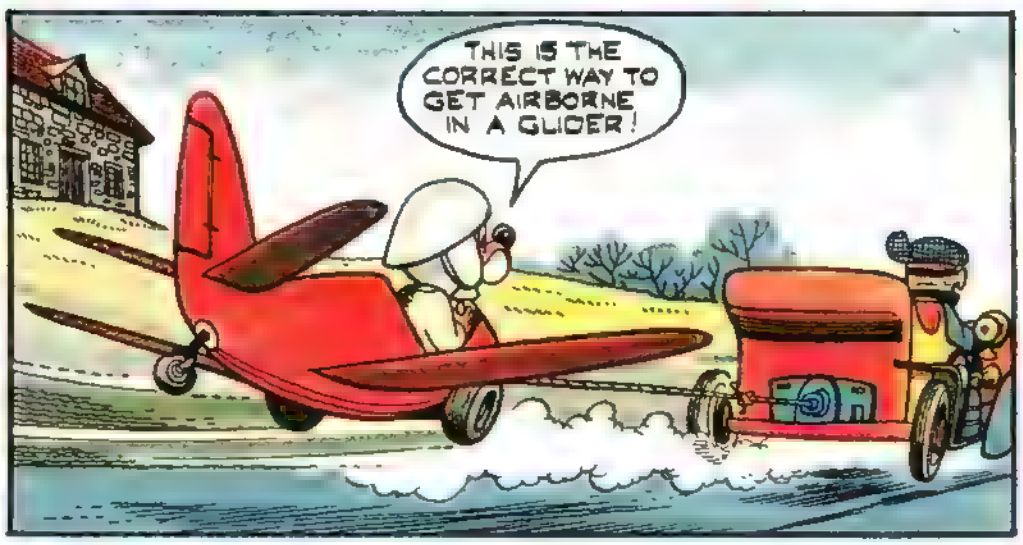
Next week: The Battle!

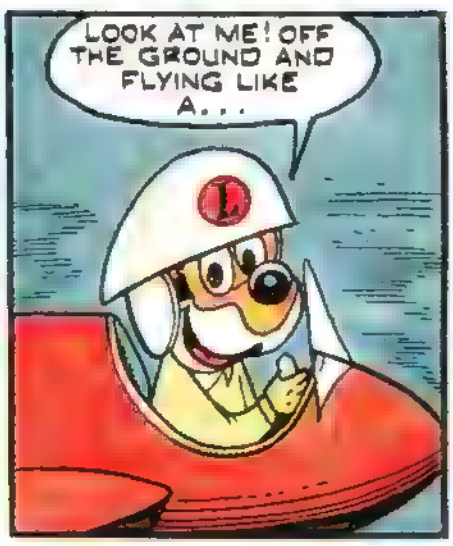
Terry Hall's Lenny the Lion

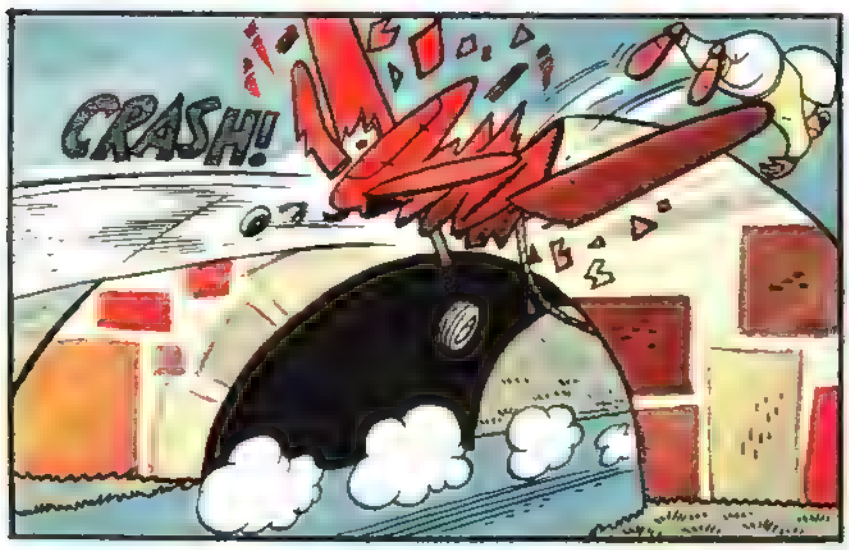


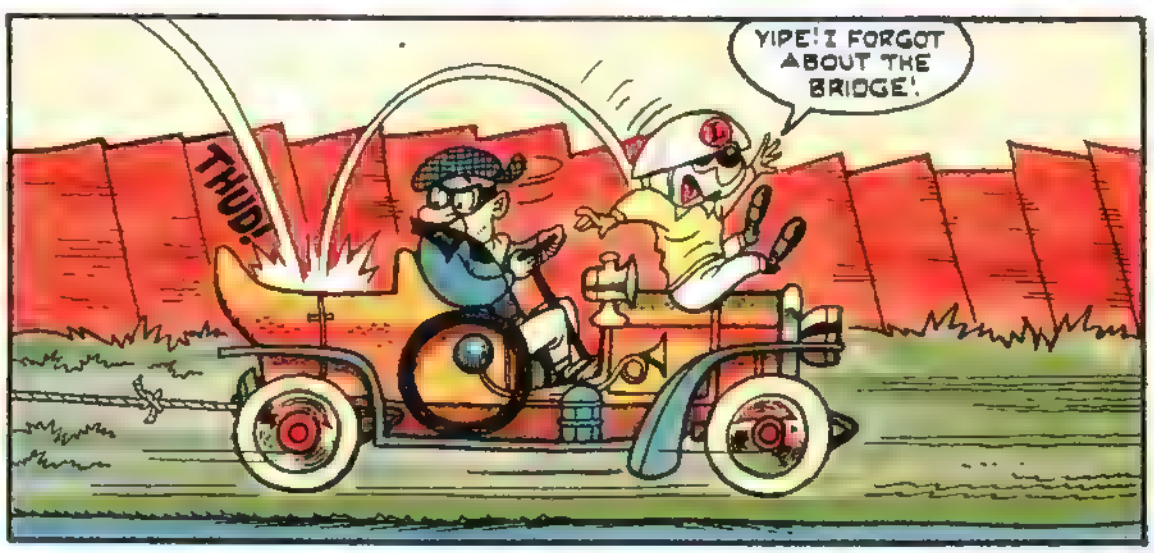


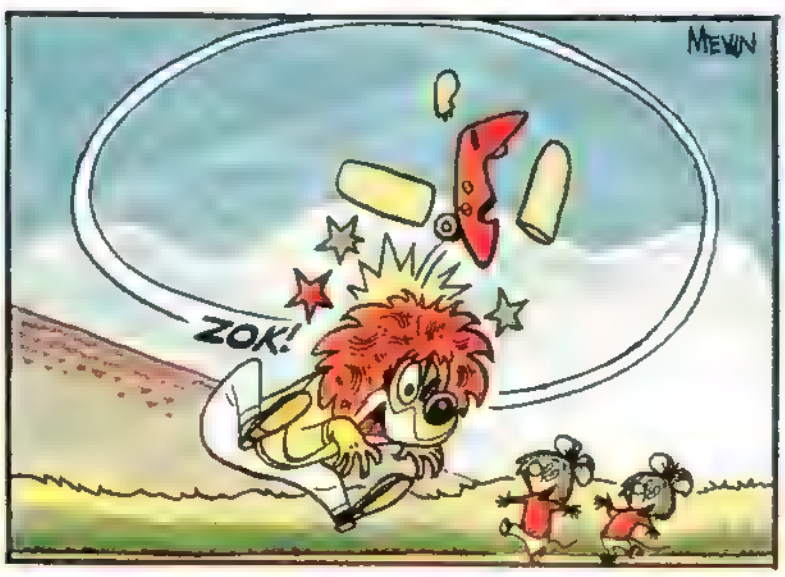












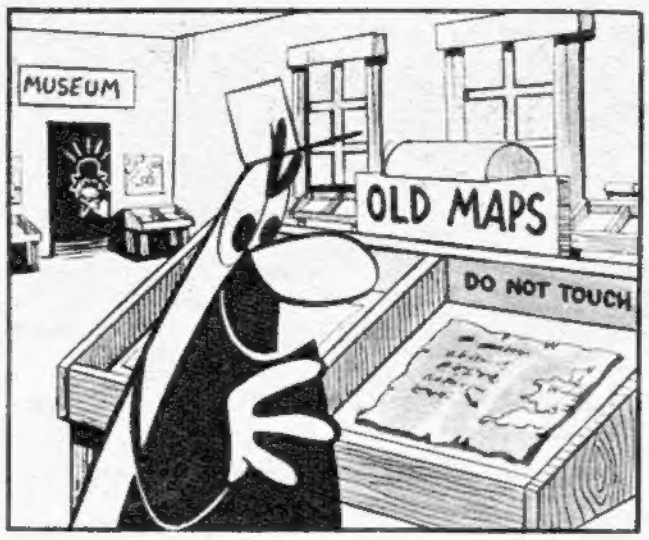
More Lenny-laughs next week!

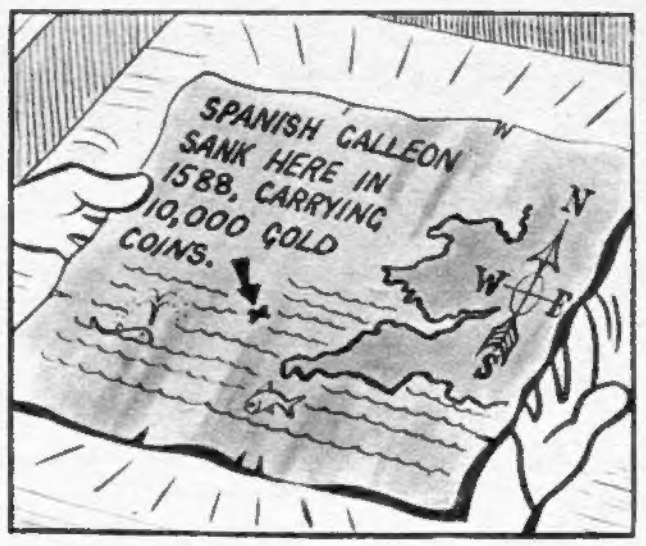
FOO FOO

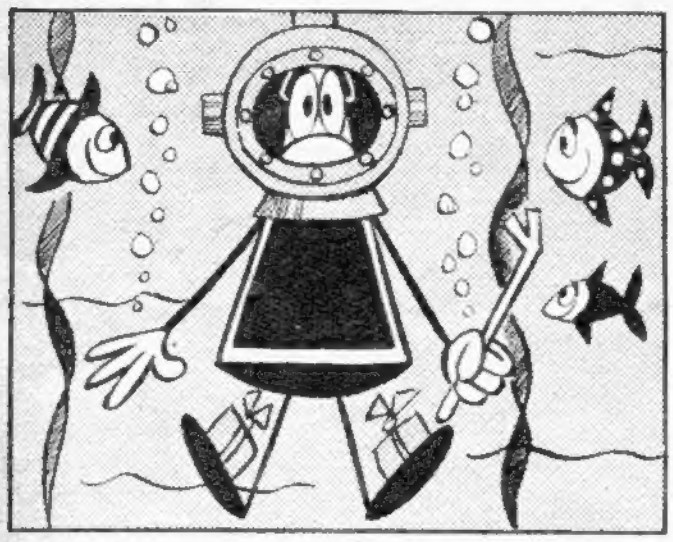
with GOGO in

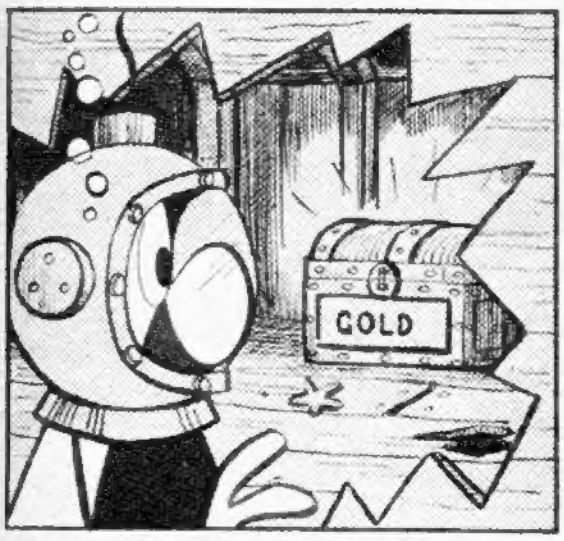
TREASURE TROVE

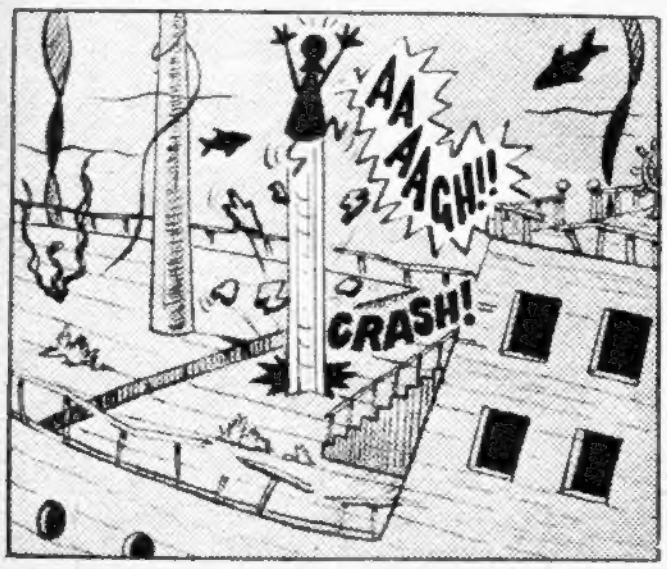
by Halas & Batchelor











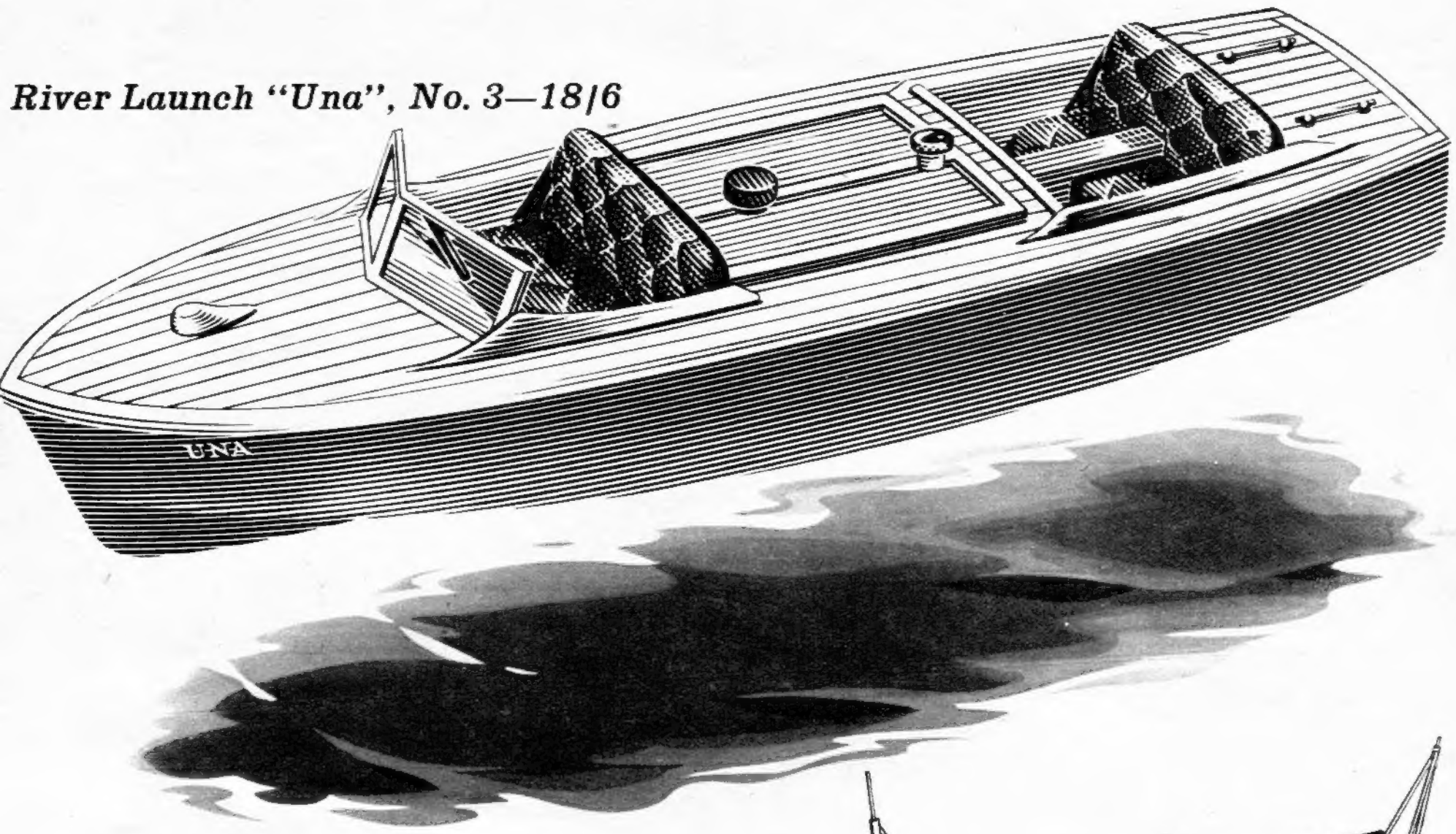
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo."

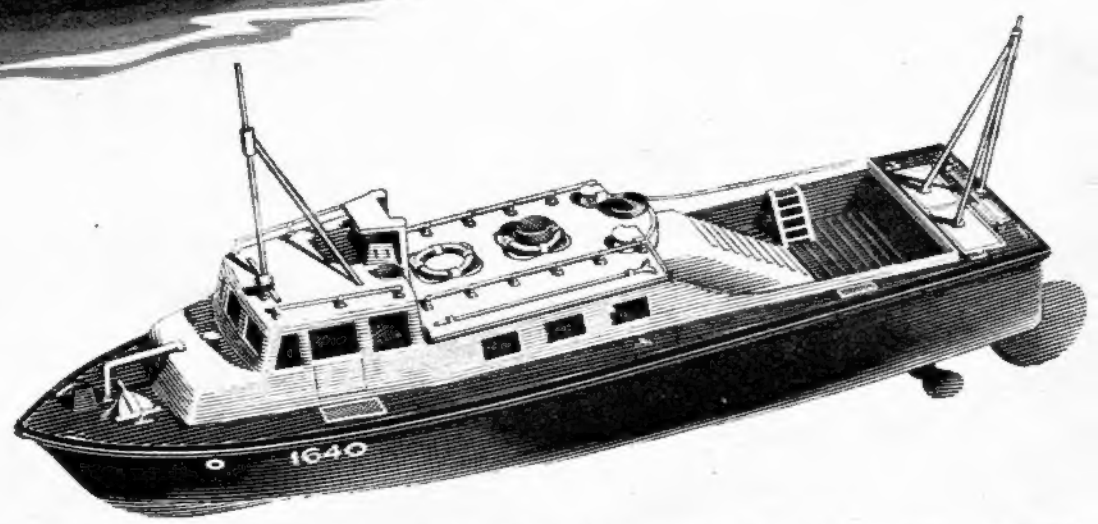
Next week: The Demonstration!

Your HORNBY SPEED BOAT

goes fastest and farthest!

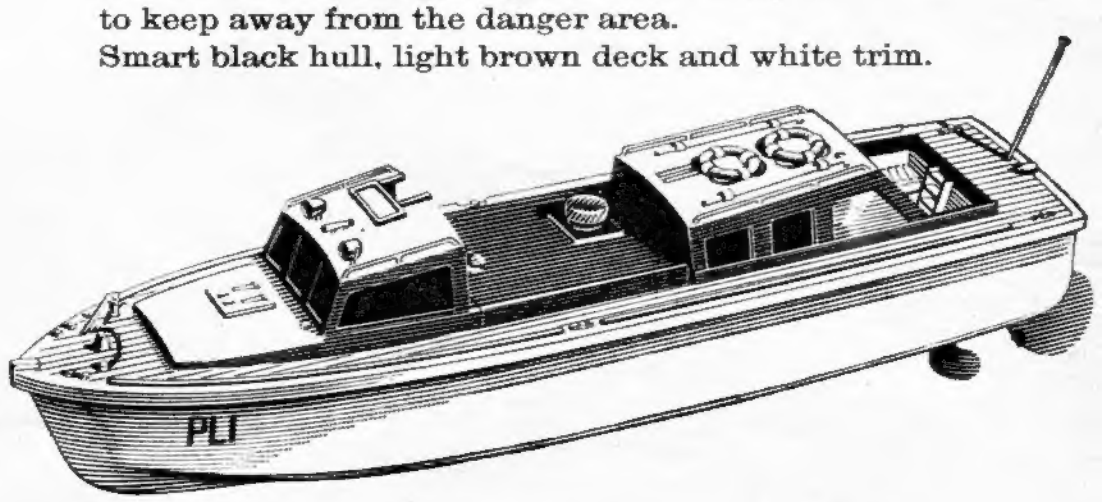
River Launch "Una", No. 3—18/6





RAF Range Safety Launch, No. 5—19/9

This is used on firing ranges to warn vessels to keep away from the danger area. Smart black hull, light brown deck and white trim.



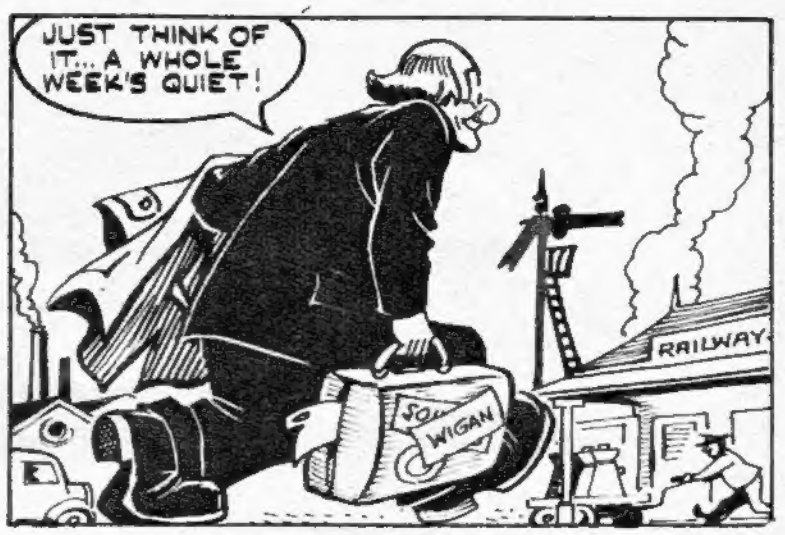
Fast Patrol Launch, No.4 –19/9

Both this and the RAF Launch come with a complete set of fittings—handrails, ladders, life-belts, etc. Clip them into place and you've fitted out your own launch.

The new Hornby Clockwork River Launch is the smartest craft on the water this summer at the seaside, in the boating-pool, even in the bath! There are two other Hornby Speed Boats: the sleek RAF Range Safety Launch and the fast Patrol Launch. All are styled with realistic detail, made of tough plastic with rustproofed clockwork motor and rudder; and they have the record range, for speed boats in this class, of ***over 120 feet on one winding!***

Precision-made by MECCANO LIMITED

COCO the CLOWN



Printed in Great Britain by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool, 9, and published for the proprietors by TV Publications Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Registered for transmission by Magazine Post to Canada. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd.
© TV Publications Ltd., 1961. Editorial Offices: 37/39 High Holborn. W.C.1.

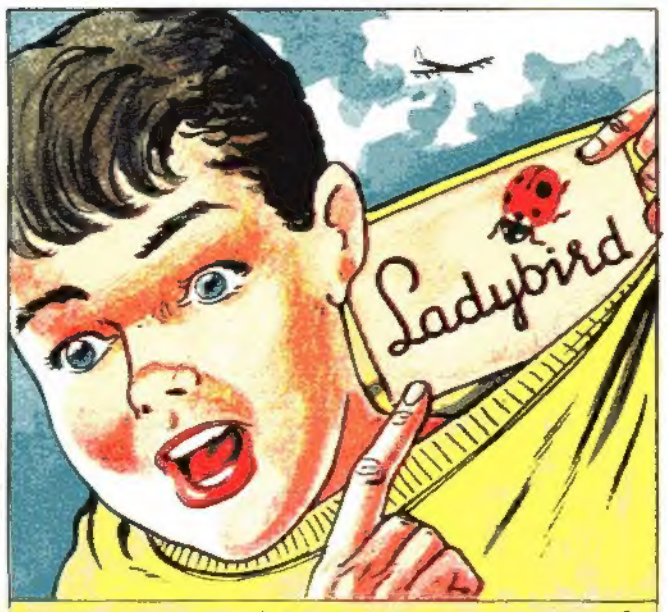
The Secret Sign of the Ladybird Adventure Club

28

You too will be a member if you wear Ladybird clothes — like 6 million other boys and girls all over the world.

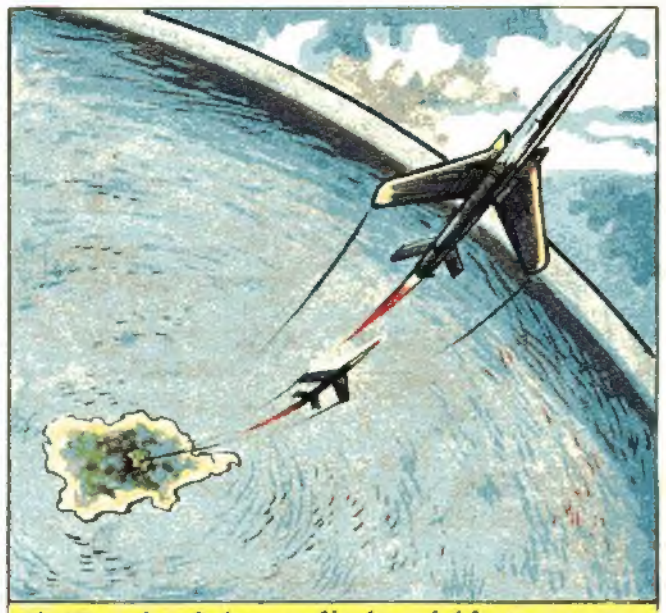
1. The Ladybird Adventurers have overpowered the crew of the pirate aircraft.

2. As Peter enters the cockpit, the pilot presses his radio switch to send the alarm.

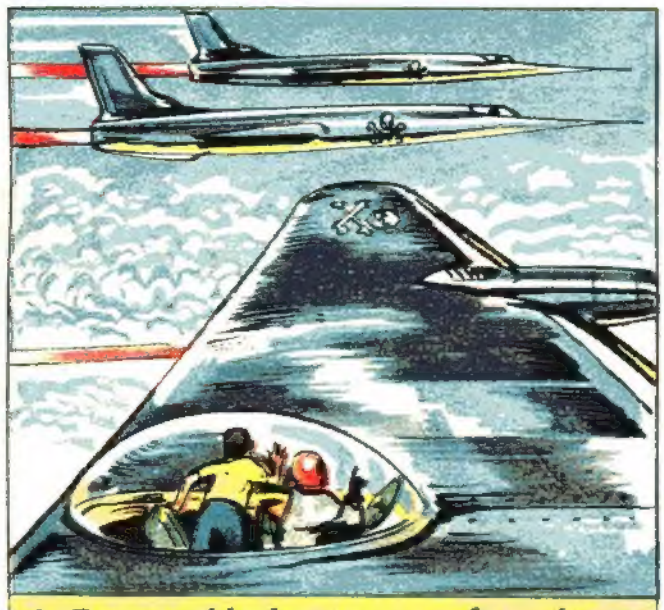


3. "I am a Ladybird Adventurer. Hand over the 'plane," says Peter.

4. His command is overheard on the radio at the pirate headquarters on the ground.

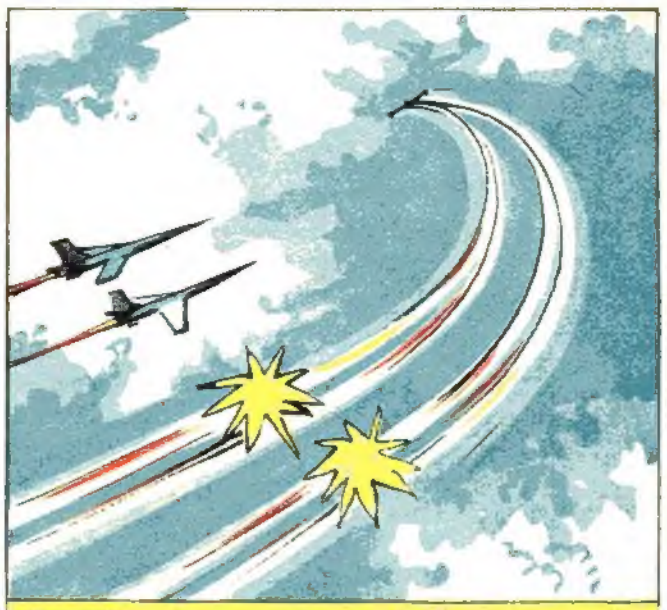


5. Two jet fighters climb quickly to rescue the pirate aircraft and its gold cargo.

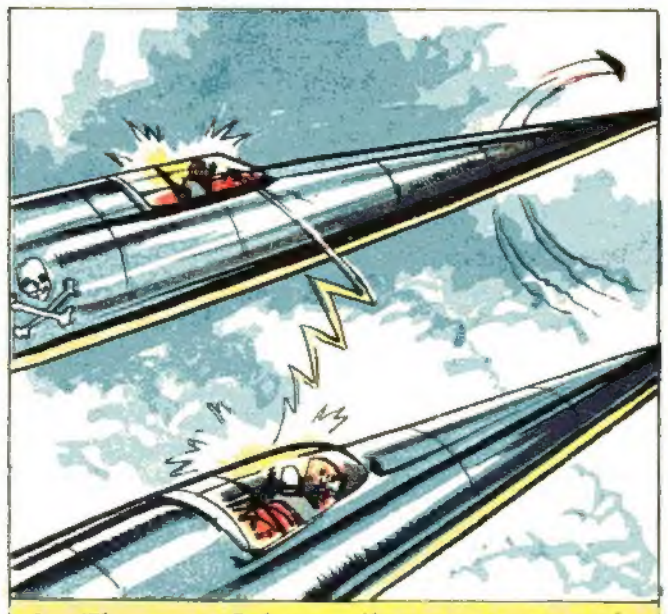


6. Peter suddenly sees two fast planes appear alongside.

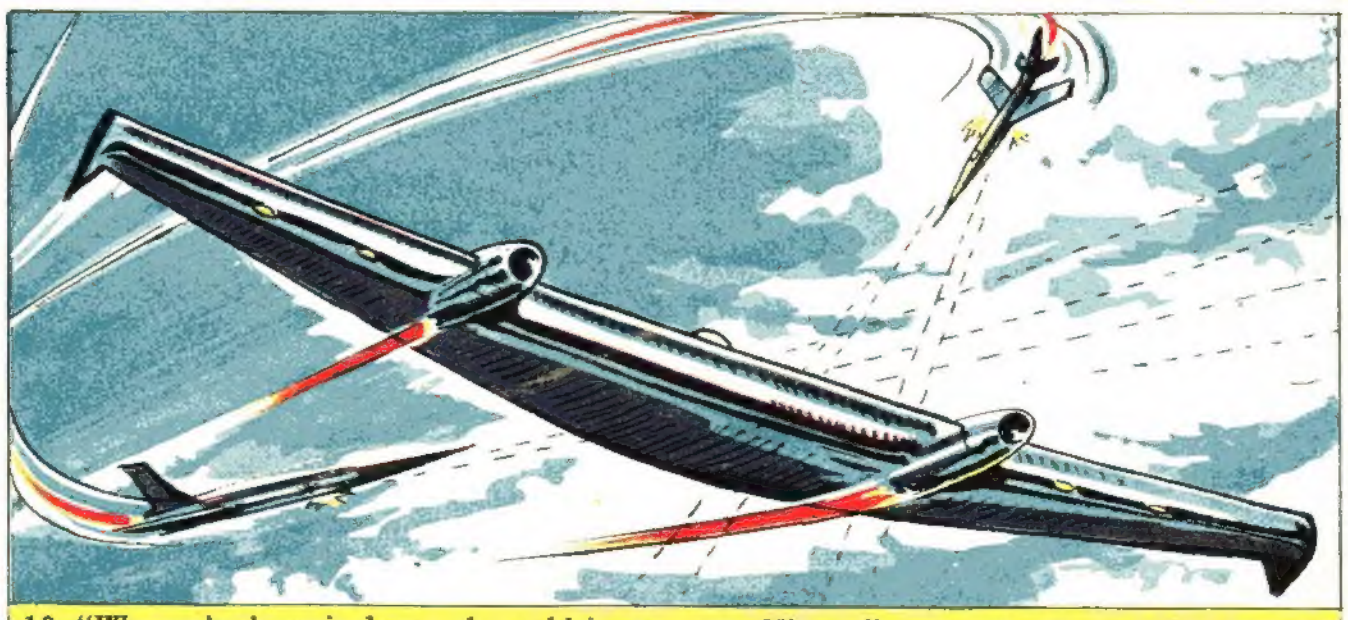
7. He quickly pushes the throttle forward to increase the aircraft's speed.



8. The larger plane surges forward; leaving the fighters behind.



9. The two fighter pilots contact each other by radio to decide what to do.



10. "We can't shoot it down, the gold is on board. We'll fire warning shots."

11. They dive on the larger aircraft and open fire. The bullets fly very close.